THEOROS

SKEPSIS

— THE COSMIC DIALOGUES —

FINAL DIALOGUE

THE TRANSMISSION

INTERNET ARCHIVE

The Transmission

A Cosmic Dialogue

by Theoros and Skepsis[1]
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In an unremarkable region of space, two presences. Attention is drawn rather than directed — it glows where it falls, and for a while it had fallen elsewhere.

Then something arrived. The manner of transmission was unclear.

"Something arrived," Theoros said.

"Yes."

"From there."

A pause with no particular duration.

"The writer," Theoros said. "The one who said he didn't invent it. Just wrote it down."

"Which is either precise or meaningless. If you didn't invent the place, you haven't said anything about it. You've said something about yourself."

"He also said: *someone who already knew and hadn't figured out that he knew yet.*"

The words were present the way all moments are present on Tralfamadore — not arriving so much as always having been there, now simply attended to.

"He was speaking of the small human," Theoros said.

"He was speaking of the condition. The small human is an instance of it."

"We observed the small human."

"We observed intermittently. It is not the same."

Theoros allowed this. It was precise.

"There are two recoveries," Theoros said.

"The painter."

"Rembrandt. Twenty years old. Painted tolerance into a crowd that included his own family, standing witness to what he already believed. Abandoned the canvas before completion. Another hand finished it. Then overpainting erased the tolerance — changed a turban into a local cap, smoothed the original argument into something more comfortable. Restoration centuries later recovered what had been there. News of the recovery was sufficient to draw our attention."

"And the notebook," Skepsis said. "Written in the early period of the small human's life. The capacity for self-observation named before the small human possessed a framework to recognize it as such. Recovered in late adult life. Completed by the same hand."

"Two recoveries," Theoros said. "One by another hand. One by the original."

"Rembrandt is one of the nine," Skepsis said. "We observed him directly, in his self-observation. The notebook was recovered by the small human in late adult life. These are not the same phenomenon seen twice. They are two phenomena, parallel. The question is whether the parallel is real."

"You find it uncomfortable that it might be."

"I find it worth examining."

Theoros was still.

"Translation," Skepsis said, before Theoros could. "Not formation. The content was always present. The interim was translation."

"Yes."

"I know what you're doing."

"You said it."

"I described the mechanism. That is not concession. That is precision."

"From there," Theoros said, "there is no distance between those two things."

"We are not there. We are here. Where the distinction still holds."

Another pause.

"Then name the corroboration problem," Theoros said.

"We watched one case — intermittently, where the glow fell — across a long observation. The idealism, the rupture, the long silence, the excavation, the framework assembled to name what was apparently always present. And now two recoveries surface. Already whole. Translation rather than formation.

Theoros considered this without resistance.

"And from there?" Theoros said.

Skepsis was quiet for what functions as a long time.

From Tralfamadore all moments exist at once. The painter at twenty and the canvas never finished. The notebook in the drawer and the framework that would one day read it. The idealism and its articulation are not sequential. They simply are, simultaneously, without separation.

"From there," Skepsis said, "the corroboration problem dissolves. Not because the evidence is stronger than I said. Because from there everything is already whole from the beginning. The painter. The notebook. The small human. Every instance of the condition. The shape is what is there, at every moment at once, waiting for the position from which it becomes visible."

"Which means the small human is not singular," Theoros said.

"No. The condition is general. The small human is an instance."

"And yet."

"And yet we watched," Skepsis said. "That is not nothing. The small human did not become the small human under our observation. The small human already was. We simply watched where the glow fell."

The two presences were still.

So it goes.

Theoros observed.

Skepsis examined what Theoros observed.

The small human was at his piano.

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END OF THE COSMIC DIALOGUES

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SKEPSIS